

# FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### Charity's Patient.

By ISOLA FORRESTER.  
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SHE was the fourth Charity Elizabeth in the Hanscomb family, a fact which had always made her walk just a little bit straighter, and as Mab said, "more topfitch" than the other four girls in the old gray house near Fountain Square. When one bears the name of a great grandmother and a mother and a great-aunt, it behooves one to watch one's step along the primrose path of youth, Charity had long since decided.

But the day after the doctor's funeral, Charity had taken stock of herself as well as Mab, Tom and little David, and she had discovered an entirely new element in her, a new courage and ambition to win out despite the winds of circumstance that had nearly blown the home nest to pieces.

"You'll never collect any of father's bills, Charity, and he wouldn't like it if you went to the bottom of the sea," Tom, overgrown and husky at sixteen, looked down at her in worried bewilderment. It had not seemed as if the splendid, hearty old doctor father could ever pass away from their midst. "Everybody's owed him for years."

"I'm not going to try," Charity responded. "I'm going to take in washing."

"Now, listen," Mab ruffled her blonde hair excitedly, with hands very white and pretty from much care and little housework. "Just because you're going to start at the bottom of the sea, there's no reason for going down in the cellar, dear heart. Who's going to do the washing and where are you going to get it to do?"

"Well," Charity drew in a deep breath, and explained her plan seriously. Three miles up in the hills was the big new granite quarry, and down in the valley the huge new dam only half constructed. Over a hundred and fifty men were working on it, and living in camps.

"I'll get the orders, and Tom can do the delivering with the team. You can keep accounts, Mab. That will suit you to a T, and Dave can count bundles for us."

"I presume you will handle the tubs?" scathingly from Mab.

Charity leaned her arms on the table and laughed. No, she would not, but she proposed to keep Delora, the colored standby of the house of Hanscomb, and likewise hire Delora's three grown daughters. They would turn the summer kitchen into a laundry and use up some of the nest egg in the bank to buy a few modern labor-saving machines.

It had not sounded at all attractive that day. In fact, when Mab went back to school, she carefully avoided the subject, but some way, the yellow road cart and stout brown Betty made the trip back and forth day after day between the old gray house and the camps, and Charity found her confidence returning when she balanced books the end of the third week.

The first shock her pride received was one day when a smart gray roadster pulled up before the side entrance to the lane, and a young man leaned out and called to her as she superintended the washing of some pongee shirts.

"My shirts done yet?"

Charity met him with dignity and spirit. Her cheeks flushed from exercise, her blue apron covering her pretty white smock. But her brown eyes met those of the young man with calm disapproval of his manners.

"The name, please?"

"Doug Lewis. They're pongee. I told the boy to hurry them up and be careful. Send him up with them by six."

"They won't be done by then, Mr. Lewis," Charity said, evenly and coldly. "We are too busy."

He looked down at her keenly, blue eyes clashing with brown, and then he smiled, with a flash of even white teeth, and a gleam of fun.

"You boss, here?"

Charity flushed, but acknowledged that she was. His glance traveled quickly over the old rambling mansion, with all the evidences of bygone grandeur and opulence, and now the lean years that had descended on it. Then he looked at the substantial forms of Delora and her daughters hanging out a spotless washing beyond the tall rows of sunflowers and dahlias.

"I'm the boss up at the camp," he admitted. "This is Doctor Hanscomb's place, isn't it? My father said he saved his life once through some operation."

Charity longed to say she hoped sincerely he had paid for it, but courtesy held her back. And her caller added, as if she knew all about his family, that they were the Lewises from Oneonta Point.

"That's near Narragansett," Tom told her at the supper table. "They're rotten rich. Ain't he a driver, though?" The fellows up at the camp say he builds that dam in his sleep."

Charity did not answer. The pongee shirts were finished, and she was sewing on three missing buttons with steady fingers. But her thoughts went back to two years before, when her father had tried to start the movement for the dam, and local politics had worked against him. The Lewis money had made it a reality, and she knew all it would mean to the valley, opening up its fertility and bringing prosperity to the farmers, all the old isolated farms her father had visited for forty years. She told Tom she would drive up herself in the morning with the laundry bundles.

And at the same time, over a blazing camp fire Doug listened to the story of Charity Hanscomb's pluck, and how she had saved the nest from being blown away. One of his foremen told him—Len Allen, from the village.

"If those children could ever have collected what folks owed their father, Charity could have sat and folded her hands the rest of her life. I guess, but she didn't stop to repine none. She up and took in washing."

The next morning the yellow road cart drove leisurely along the river road towards the dam. And suddenly Charity heard the blast, and Brown

Betty sprang sideways, back in terror. The echoes died away, and the summer sounds of birds and insects went on, but Charity set the mare to a gallop as a far off strange mingling of shouts and cries came to her. As she rounded the last turn she saw the camp straggling up the hillside, and a slow procession of men carrying a limp figure down from the dam. Len recognized the wagon and ran towards it.

"Thought it was Tom, Miss Hanscomb," he said huskily. "The boss is hurt. Could we take him to the village in the wagon? Ain't got anybody up here to set broken bones, and he had a bad fall when that blast went off too quick."

Once again Charity's word was law down at the old place, and Doug Lewis lay on the big four-poster in the doctor's room, while Charity called his father on long distance, and a famous surgeon was summoned from New York. Then came two weeks of nursing, with Charity boss of the job, as Doug himself said, and finally a day when he was ordered home to rest.

"Charity," he said, as they were left alone, "I've just told Dad I'm going to stay here and how much I need you!"

"You're all right now," Charity replied firmly, shaking up his pillows. He caught her hands in his, and pulled her nearer.

"I'd rather go back and get blown up for good if you don't want me to stay. Don't you care a bit, Charity?"

"Well," sighed Charity, smiling down at him. "Perhaps I wouldn't have seen on your old buttons myself, or gone out there that morning if I hadn't cared. And Len says the men need you badly. I—I don't mind if you stay a little longer."

"Until you can go back with me?"

Tom stuck his head in at the door with a glass of egg nog, and withdrew it quickly. He took it back to Delora. "He don't need that stuff, Charity's the doctor."

## VIOLA

Harvesting is the order of the day here. Most of the meadows are light in this section.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Harris and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Harris spent Sunday at Mt. Clare, Harrison county.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Harris of Meadowdale was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Devault Sunday.

Mrs. E. A. Pitcher, we are glad to note, is able to be out again after a long spell of sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Brand and family of near Cassville, Monongalia county spent Sunday with the family of H. L. Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Coogole of Riverside spent Friday night with relatives at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harris and Children were visiting friends at Brulston, Preston county, Saturday and Sunday.

Sylvanus Steel was calling on friends at this place last week. The Amos mines at this place have been working every day for some time.

Is that Why Men Don't Like It?

We will say this much for butter-milk. It created not one of the several million headaches that are throbbing this morning—Houston Post.

## Confessions of a Bride

I Try to Save My Enemy From Fearful Death.

"The curse of the pearls has come to an end! You ought to know that. I spoke with much purpose. I merely wished to keep Bach's attention from the fact that I was starting the motor of my boat."

"Watch him awhile and you'll think different," the man answered, pointing a lean brown finger at Certels boat which was headed out to sea. Each held the position a long time, like a man in a trance. And in a way, he must have hypnotized me. For I had a vision of Certels wearing Tiny Goff's diving dress, and going after the jewels. He could locate the sunken craft with a magnet as I had seen Jo Bach do some weeks since.

He could descend by a rope ladder, and fasten his floating motorboat to the hulk below. After finding the treasure, he would have to throw off his weighted dress and rise to the top of the water like a pearl diver, then swim to the safety of his small boat.

"It won't take Certels long to get into trouble," said Bach. "Certels knows all the secrets of this business that I know—except just one. But that's the big one!"

By this time my engine was hitting nicely, but Bach had been too much

## ROMANCES of a SUMMER GIRL

By ZOE BECKLEY  
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(Dorothy, aged 26, is spending the summer at Lively Beach, having staked her job and \$500 savings on the chance of winning a suitable husband during the summer. These are her letters home to Joan, her chum.)

No. 10.  
Lively Beach Hotel, Friday.

Dear old Joan:

My intuition was right; that telegram was for me from Capt. Wallis. "You are desperately needed," it read, "room engaged at inn; please come quickly."

The words danced before me. I went over them again and again, feeling an absolute sense of being caught up and dragged by a force that left me helpless. The thing has been decided for me. And in spite of me. One cannot disregard a command like that—

Ah, yes, I see you smile, dear, in your wise, sweet way, and shake your head, and compress your lips. You know that I WANT to be commanded, that my longing for something stirring, some adventure with risk to it, has become a mania to my caught-in-a-rut mind.

Listen, Joanie, have confidence in me! You have told me a hundred times that I am the cleanest-hearted, squarest girl you know. Keep believing it. After all, dear, what am I doing that is so terrible? Going to take a perfectly businesslike position as amanuensis to an author in desperate need of expert service. What does it matter to either of us that he is staying alone in the camp of a friend? I shall stop most respectfully at the Inn. That is all there is to it. Let us not be prudish and evil-minded, Joan. You can trust me, and if you knew Capt. Wallis you would trust him.

There is a practical side to it as well, my dear. The money I earn will be mighty welcome. You know when I came to the hotel I had just four hundred and ninety-five dollars. Well, I felt at the time that it was a fat little fortune. But how that cash has dwindled!

Thirty-five a week just for board. My laundry, skip as I will, and doing my own stockings in my room, is never less than \$3 a week—of course the prices here are the highest. Tips average about \$2 more a week.

Excursions and picnics which all the young people joined, have cost me \$11 to date. I had to replace my silver slippers which got stubbed out with dancing; \$7 more. A contribution to a patriotic fund collected by the hotel, \$5. Candy, magazines, toilet necessities, postage and incidentals (you know how, once you change a ten-dollar bill for something, you've got nothing left, but a palmy of change!) have made another big hole.

When I counted my way today I found just \$389 my total revenue, and I planning to stay the whole season! Don't you see that the fifty a week I shall probably earn will be a godsend?

I am leaving my trunk here at the hotel but of course I am giving up my room. I am taking only a suit case to Forest Valley, with the plainest, simplest duds in it, and wearing my brown linen suit. I am determined there shall not be the remotest hint of anything save hard, cold business in my manner or appearance. You know my belief, dear, that a well-behaved girl properly dressed, can go anywhere



The telegram was for me.

on earth alone, without insult. I am going to prove this.

The Harvard lifeguard gazed at me with some interest when I told him I was leaving in the morning for a two-weeks' visit in the mountains.

"Too bad," he said, looking at me with a sort of intellectual appraisal.

"Why?"

"Because you're the only girl worth talking to at this place."

"But I'm coming back in a fortnight."

"No—you won't come back. You may not know it yourself, but you're bored. You're too decent for this sort of place—all artificial and husband-hunting. You will like your mountain camp better. I've the gift of second sight," he added, with as near an approach to levity as he ever comes.

I tell you, Joan, he ALWAYS contrives to make me feel uncomfortable. When I told Jim Ross good-bye, he promptly said "Where you going?"

"Don't look so tragic!" I grinned. "Just for a two-weeks' stay in the mountains."

"I'm coming to see you, permission or no permission."

"Indeed you're not. I'll be back here in two weeks."

"Well, I can't wait two weeks," said Jimmie fiercely. "You may treat me lightly, Dorothy, but I'll show you I'm in earnest. I'll find out where you're going and COME."

The plot, as they say in the classics, thickens.

Good-bye, darling—

DOLLY.

large man as my friend, the secret service agent! The man hunt had begun at an early hour!

I held my wheel steady while my boat tore at its best speed straight for the point for which Hamilton Certels' boat was also headed. Again I looked behind me. The federal agents had aroused the house. All of the Lorimer men ran down to the pier. Bob was among them—I could tell by the way he towered above the crowd.

Shortly I saw a whole fleet of the Lorimer boats pursuing me. And I wondered just what fancy tale Jo Bach had spun for the officers!

He couldn't possibly invent anything half as startling as the truth! The scene off our bit of coast that morning was most spectacular! My "skeeter" was leading the race—and the stake was the life of a man.

That the man was bad didn't seem important to me at the time. I didn't stop to consider why I wanted to save Hamilton Certels. I only knew that below him were the clutching hands of those who had brought the jewels across the Atlantic, while behind him was the long arm of the law.

But the law was just—and the thing which awaited him in the depth of the sea was a trap! It was not fair play to let even a villain go down to meet such a fate—unwarned!

Certels beat me to our strange rendezvous. He had lowered his ladder and had put on most of his diver's costume when I came within hailing distance. He was proceeding slowly and deliberately with his preparation.

"Don't go down!" I called to him as I slowed up near him. "I am Jim Lorimer! I have come to warn you of terrible danger!"

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